"For the time being!"
How long is that? A space as brief
As takes the whirling Autumn leaf
To reach the sward, the April flake
To change to dew, the wave to broak
Now shoreward fleeing? "For the time being!"
Row long is that? As long, perchance,
As while a merry thought doth glance
Across the deep and well-loved eyes?
As long as term of tears and sighs,
The full heart freeing?

"For the time being!"
How long is that? I wait to hear.
A breathing space, a day, a year?
Till this life's silent bound be won,
And other unknown life begun
Past sound, past seeing?

"For the time being!"
It is forever, as I think,
A ceaseless adding link to link,
A series, as of waves at sea;
For, tell me, when shall time not be,
In Fate's decreeing?

"For the time being!"
(It is thy word.) Thou dost not know.
Such promise will not let thee go:
Since time shall never cease to be,
I ask but this—that thou'lt love me
"For the time being?"
—Edith M. Thomas, in N. Y. Independent,

## THE MODERN CYNIC

His Contempt for What Others Do And Say.

The Literary, Priggish, Theatrical, Religions and Domestic Varieties.The Last-Named the Worst of Ail, But Every One a "Grand

In spite of his name the cynic is not altogether a creature of recent growth, having, by some process of natural selection, developed into rudimentary life very early in the history of man. But of late years his race has enormously increased, and it may be interesting to note some peculiarities of a being whose uses on earth are so small and yet his increase so rapid. To describe him generally as a man who admires nothing is too far vague to admit of being accepted as a definition. Like all animals of complex machinery he can not be defined in a phrase. Man, for instance—the genus to which he belongs—has been defined a great many times, but hitherto not with much success. He has been called a debating animal, but rats hold sacred conclaves. and a gambling animal, but I believe I have seen monkeys gambling. So with the different species of man. There is no possible phrase which can at the same time exclude other species and comprehensively describe one.

It is true that the modern cynic admires nothing which other men have done. This, however, permits him to concentrate his admiration the more intensely on himself. It may be also said of him that he does nothing, but then this enables him the more strongly to respect himself for what he might have done. It may be further said that he attains to nothing; but then he has the power of considering what he might have achieved, and with what superior brilliancy of execution, had he chosen to enter the arena. His name is little known to the outer world, perhaps little respected by the circle to which he be-

first that demands attention, not be-cause he is the most important but be-cause he makes the most noise. He is to be found in certain papers, daily and weekly; in one or two magazines, and in a few novels. He is not, as a rule, scholarly, nor perhaps has his thought so much depth as can be observed in the works of the ancient philosophers, but he makes up for these defects by smartness and by an overwhelming sense of superiority, which, spite of a possibly kind heart can not refrain from breaking out into sneers. He acts as critic, either on into sneers. He acts as critic, either on so on. Much as we may admire the other kinds of cynics, I confess that toward this one I feel a repugnance, ote standard is set up—that standard of excellence which our cynic would reach himself, were he to write; and then, this being implied rather than explained, he proceeds to show how far short the writer has fallen. This done, he next holds up to popular scorn any uto anther. into enthusiasm, fallen into genuine feeling, or become a victim to virtue and goodness. All these backslidings are carefully picked out and paraded, labeled as "gush." To prevent "gush." roots of love, and now hold them up to the derision of mistaken humanity; who tear his fancied honor from man

Care must be taken to distinguish between him and another of a different race, but, in some respects, resembling him—the prig. Priggishness has its own self-respect, or rather veneration. But prigs believe in each other; they see in each other the virtues which they admire in themselves, and they gush solemnly over them. A prig can not contain himself. "See," he says, speakin each other the virtues which they ing of another, but looking in the glass the while, "see how good he is, how well he does his work, what an earnest sense of duty he has, what feelings of responsibility, what contempt for the commoner paths of frivolous men?" Napoleon III, and Bismarck held their For the prig is nothing without his sense of duty and pitying contempt for other men. We common men are despised, too, I admit, by the cynic, but in a different way. He sneers at our follies, in which he joins; he despises our virtnes, some of which he shares; he curls his lip at us because we do our the weaver learned should be discussed in the weaver learned to the we he curls his lip at us because we do our duty without an earnest sense of responsibility, and yet he has none himself. The prig, in fact, honestly tries to possess the quality he admires, but in the attempt assumes a more than morthly attempt assumes a more than more all share of them. The cynic calls the tal share of them. The cynic calls the attention of the world to our shameless Emperor and German Chancellor used. and thinks it superfluous to put them on himself. The literary cynic on men any belief in the poss bility of virtue or disinteredness existing as a motive cause. The actions of men, unfortunately, proceed from so many and complex impulses that it is always possible to assign one which is had and un-worthy. It, for instance, a public deed is done which involves the sacrifice of much money or much labor, what more rational than to suppose it done with the view of getting the praises of it in various ways. Sunday morning men? If the labor of a life culminates he went to church as a sort of a vacain some great thing, which brings tion, and when he came back his wife money as well as a name, what can one wanted to know all about it.
who reads the soul so well as a cynic "Who was there? she as be attained. let us. he says. always "Oh, everybody as usual. I saw Joe choose the least noble. When several Fieldrig among the number and was a may have been at work, let us, says the little surprised. cynic, choose the basest. Thus society means a crush at an "at home." a dinner party of twenty people-strangers to each other; a futile attempt not to

have one single aim and no other-to get or to keep place. And the little gard as among the most pleasant in life, the gathering of families, the talk-ing over old times with brothers and cousins and the joyous public festivities, these are the saddest humbugs of modern civilization, the things that polson our cup of happiness. With these maxims and some few others the literary cynic makes out pretty well.

The art cynic has a narrower sphere of action. You may find him about the picture galleries. He stands before a picture where the whole soul—a poor thing, perhaps, but all he has of the artist has been poured out. Women, looking at the fixed thought on the canvas, are moved to tears. He, however is unmoved. After mature consideration he turns to his friend and whispers audibly: "Ah! yes-pretty well-the old trick, you see!" simple country folks dry the'r eyes, ashamed to be seen crying over a picture that is done by the "old trick." and go on to the next, all their pleasure spoiled. Sometimes he gets an opportunity of speaking out in some review. Then, taking the picture in detail, he has a

chance to sneer at every one.

The theatrical cynic—he never laughs and never cries; needless to add that he never applauds. His finest opportu-nity is when the whole house is in tears. He is wont, then, to turn round to the man with him, whose throat is, perhaps, choked at the moment with a suppressed sob, and to whisper loudly:
"Very badly done, all this. I never
saw a worse piece." So that the people all round leave off crying and try not to feel interested in the heroine's sufferings. In the same way, when faces are broadened with grins, when boxes and pit and gallery are roaring with laughter, he will sit with unmoved countenance or remark, impatiently, "Dear me! this is very melancholy!" which has an effect upon the audience similar to that of oil upon the

but when we came to the misfortunes of the heroine, and the agony was piled up higher than we could well bear, these two young heroes, with whom intellect and an overwhelming appreciation of art altogether conquered and drove out sympathy, and with whom the critical faculty so far mastered the emotional, that they lost the power of feeling, the thought, in watching for the expression of the poet, suddenly rose, moved by a common impulse. "Bah!" said the common impulse. "Bah!" said the younger, with an infallible air of disdain. "what rot it is! Let us get out of here."
So they got out. The two boys were,
after all, only boys. As for the rest of
us we cried and laughed at the foolish
piece till our sides ached.

I saw a young but very promising cynic the other day, in an Episcopal Church. Three boys were sitting together, he in the middle, but I think he had come alone. The other two pulled out their Bibles and followed the lessons, joined in the chants, sang the hymns, knelt for the prayers, and generally comported themselves with becoming reverence and propriety. He, however, my cynic, regarded them, to right and left, with an art of the most sublime contempt. He would look around the church, as if to call attention to this preposterous humbug and his own superiority. In deference to the service, he stood up for the hymns and respected by the circle to which ne be-longs. His kind may be subdivided into several principal and a very large number of subsidiary classes.

service, he stood up for the nymus and sat down for the lessons; but he neither knelt, nor joined in the singing, nor affected anything but the most supreme boredom at the whole thing. "Relig-ion?" he seemed to say. "Prayers? ion?" he seemed to say. "Prayers piety? Dear, dear, what absurdity.

Ot inferior quality, but, perhaps, more effective in his small way, is the domestic cynic. He it is who takes care that none of his household shall be possessed of any foolish notions of admiration toward their friends or acquaintances. He knows the cheapness of a friend's liquor; the reason—sordid and selfish of course—of another friend's kindness to him; the untrustworthy character of a third; and who tear his fanc'ed honor from man and her imaginary modesty from woman, what things shall be said in the r praise, and what reward shall be bestowed upon them from a grateful people? Posterity will, perhaps, when no illus on is left, and none of the Old World reverence for age, dignity and principles, award to the modern cynic

# his fit meed of glory. - Brooklyn Eagle.

The Famous Chair of Sedan. We returned by the Donchery road and, walking along at random, found ourselves in front of the house where he curls his lip at us because we do our hence, the weaver legend should be disduty without an earnest sense of resipated. The room in which these two want of these ornaments of the soul. It is almost needless to add that the chair manufacturing industry is in full prosperity in the vicinity, and that the and women is, perhaps, more at home than with books, for there are a great ident cal chair on which Napoleon and many books which he can not touch at Bismarck sat" to foreigners, especially all, for want of the necessary scholar-ship. Now, everybody can talk of men and women, and especially of women. Here his most telling method of ap-proaching the subject is to deprecate as Voltaire's walking-stick or the as Voltaire's walking-stick or the famous nail in the wall of the Waterloo tavern-keeper, on which Napoleon hung his hat, and which the old aubergiste presented to every English visitor.

#### -Cor. Paris Figaro. She Had a Relapse.

Mrs. Timpkins had not been feeling well, and Mr. T. had felt the results of "Who was there? she asked after

attribute it to but a thirst after filthy several other questions of a more spirit-

··Why? "He isn't orthodox." "In what respect?"
"He doesn't believe in a hereafter."
"I never heard that before. How do

appear bored: a perfectly transparent pretense at enjoyment; and such terms as friendship, gratitude and honor are now tolerably devoid of meaning. Clergoing to get married next week."

Nits T. had a relapse. - Marchant tractor.

#### FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-Feeding in their house will induce the fowls to frequent it. —Quince cheese is marmalade boiled down very thick, packed into small pots. It will turn out firm as cheese, and can

-Nut Cake: Two-thirds of a cup butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of milk, three of flour, two teaconfuls of baking powder, one cup of hickory nut meats chopped fine. This makes two layers: frost, and lay on nalves of English walnuts. - The House-

-- Worms ought not to be allowed to get into the pots. The best way to drive them out, or kill them in the pots, is to water the plants with clear lime-water. They will come to the top and die, or they will not be able to do so and will underground.—N. E. Farmer.

-Great care should be exercised in keeping the cow pasture entirely free from rag-weeds. These weeds impart a peculiarly disgusting, bitter taste to the milk of the cows which eat them, and the butter made from such milk is also impregnated with the same peculiar taste. - Detroit Post.

-The soft or poor heads of cabbage stored by themselves, probably are the cheapest and most easily obtained green food for poultry during the winter. Two or three heads hung so that the fowls can easily reach them around the sides of their coop, and renewed when necessary, will repay the trouble.

-Boston Globe.

-It is a common notion that to have finely-colored and sweet grapes one must cut off all the leaves above them and expose the fruit directly and fully to the sun. Those who try this method once will never repeat it. Leaves above and beyond the fruit are always necessary to the production of good fruit. — Chicago Journal.

-Cream Pie: Cake-Three eggs, on unnumbered smiles of ocean. Some nights ago I saw two of these critics at a New York theater. They were not greatly advanced in years, the elder being apparently about twenty-one. They listened with grave faces at the water and flour. Bake in three layers, in a bot oven. Creen for inside. One funny parts, keeping, I thought, a fur-tive eye one on the other, to detect and deride any accidental lurking smile, but when we came to the misfortunes up thick; flavor with vanilla, and spread on the layers of cake. - Boston Budget.

-For grape butter, stew the grapes and squeeze out each pulp from the skin, removing the seeds; keep the skins in a small thin bag; to each pound of pulp allow one pound of sugar, half pint of cider vinegar, teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon and one of nutmeg; boil this very slowly, putting in the bag of skins tied securely; when it jellies by dropping in cold water it is done. Put away in jars; for an orna-mental dish it can be heated over and put into molds to jelly .- Chicago Times.

-The horse is more dainty about his food than any other farm animal, excepting a sheep. No uncaten refuse should be left in the feeding boxes to sour under the animal's nose. In warm weather the danger of this is greater, especially when meal with wet, cut hay is given. This is the best possible feed for a working horse, but if left to many for a working horse, but it left to many hired men it will be unsatisfactory from overfeeding. Some people seem to think that all there is in feeding a horse is to stuff his manger full with hay all the time and give him large amounts of grain or meal. Under such management a horse will grow poor and his appetite fail and with no appetite he appetite fail, and with no appetite he can not do efficient work .- N. Y. Times.

## GAME FARMS.

Pheasant Breeding and Shooting in En-

As the records of sport bear out, cheasants are now shot in almost inredible numbers. The commissariat of London is annually enriched by over eighty thousand brace of these delicious table birds. As many will probably be

required in the provinces.

Although the Prince of Wales is by o means first among the breeders, on his estate of Sandringham and the ad-joining property of Castle Risingham, which he has leased for sporting pur-poses, as many as seven thousand five hundred pheasants are usually provided by his Royal Highness for his sporting friends. In two or three of the dukeries, and on other large estates as well, immense pains are taken to insure abund-ant supplies of the bird of Colchis. The killing of from two thousand to four thousand birds at one battue has often been recorded, and it is on record that oine thousand five hundred were shot during one season at Elvedon, in Nor-folk, which has an area of seventeen thousand acres, and where all kinds of game used to be bred for sale by the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing. There are other game farms, as they are called, in various parts of England, and there is at least one such place in Scotland, iterated on the Manaria of Allecher. ituated on the Marquis of Ailsa's es tate in Avrshire, and connected with it here is also an interesting suite of pisci-

cultural ponds. Great pains are annually taken to keep up the pheasant supplies, as well as the supplies of partridges. There are probably not less than two thousand estates in the kingdom on which from five hundred to ten thousand pheasants are annually reared for general sport and for the November and Christmas battues. There are dealers who supply either eggs or chicks. Some immense orders are executed by these persons, the eggs varying in price as the laying season advances. These eggs are usually placed under barn-door fowls, to be natched under the personal superintend ence of the keepers and their women-kind, and the tending of the sitting hens—there are of course hundreds of them-involves an immensity of trouble, second only to the ceaseless trouble which attends the rearing of the chicks, a large percentage of which, even in the best regulated pheasantries, are doomed to death from "gapes" and other causes. Among the wild bred birds the mortality is still greater than it is among those reared by the domestic heart of the state of the st

Every pheasant that is reared costs at least half a crown, although in some seasons pheasants reach the markets in such quantities that they do not bring more than a shilling a head. An immense number of the eggs are annually stolen by poachers, who dispose of them to the more unscrupulous dealers, who in town sell them to gentlemen or their keepers. Careful keepers add largely to their supplies by rob-bing the nests of the wild birds. A hen lays, under natural circumstances, from ten to six-teen eggs; but if an egg is every now and then extracted, the pheasant lays on, till probably as many as an extra dozen of eggs is obtained. The pheasant is a careless mother, and of every dozen eggs she hatches not more than five birds will come to the gun.-Lon-

# don World.

Interesting to the Bald. A worthy Hamburg brewer has just died, leaving a sum of 1,000 thalers to be awarded every year to the baldest man in his native country. Experts are to be appointed on each occasion to count the number of the hairs on the beads of the competitors. In case two or more competitors. In case two or more competitors have the same number of hairs, the prize is to go to the youngest. Lastly, if at any time a completely bald man should turn up, without a single hair on his head, the happy mortal is to receive the capital and the interest of which capital sum, the interest of which constitutes the above annuity. Chicago Tribune

#### IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Traveler's Description of a Guater Hotel. As preliminary to the start we must have breakfast, so proceeded to the hotel, kept by an Irishman married to a na-tive. It was a queer conjunction, Celt with a low-caste Guatemalan; but it was not a success in a high-art sense, although a pre-Raphaelite might have found an embarras de richesse in the realism" of the surroundings and ad-"realism" of the surroundings and adjuncts. Everything was au natural to the farthest possible limit in the way of disorder, dirt and disregard of the proprieties of a "house of entertainment." The floer of the "dining-room" was littered with dead insects; great cockroaches traveled up and down the wall, mysteriously active; all manner of flies swarmed in the air and over the filthy lines of the table with its broken creek. linen of the table, with its broken crock-ery that evidently had not been washed for a month; at the table-legs were tied with rawhide strings two game cocks, which sought incessantly to get at each other; in and out of the room ran pigs and chickens, while parrots staked around making the air hideous with their croaks and cries.

But, despite all this, we really did enjoy this our first meal in Guatemala. The coffee, served in Central American Then, for the first time, I knew what good coffee was. It was simply the essence of the berry—a dark brown, thick liquor, kept in a close-stoppered decanter. Taking a teaspoonful or two of this essential liquor, you add hot water from a native Indian earthen jug that looks very much like an old Etruscan or Egyptian product. That cup was, indeed, "worthy of the gods"—something never dreamed of even in Paris, where good coffee is the rule. In explanation of this superiority, it is stated by the coffee growers that the berry loses much of its peculiar evanescent flavor by sackof its peculiar evanescent flavor by sack ing and sea transport. - O. J. Victor, in Harper's Magazine.

#### A WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT.

The Instantaneous Photograph and Remarkable Work it Can Do. How is it with the photographic ca-mera and lens, our artificial eye? We will suppose that everything is in readiness, that its retina or sensitive plate is in perfect condition, and that not a ray of light has yet entered within the darkened chamber. Instead of being the twinkling of an eye," we shall arrange so that the time elapsing between the open-ing and closing of the artificial eyelid shall be less than one-tenth of a second, or far less than the time necessary for our eyes to open and shut. It shall be as nearly "instantaneous" as possible.
Everything is ready. Click! It has open and shut. What has it seen in that little instant of time?

If anything is in motion, it has been perceived in that fragment of a second as if motionless. Man walking along

as if motionless. Men walking along the street are pictured with uplifted feet. A trotting horse may be caught with all of its four legs in the air, viewed just at the moment when he was clear of the ground. A man leaping with a high pole may be pictured in mid air, pre-oisely in the position in which he ap-pears at the highest altitude. Motion

seems rest.

But this is not the most wonderful of its powers. Far beyond the keenest of human vision is its range of sight. If the light is good, this sensitive plate of glass will have recorded and discerned a thousand uplifted faces as perfectly as the human eye perceives the features of a single countenance. Every expression of joy or sorrow, every peculiarity of dress or attitude, the leaves of a forest or the grass by the wayside, will have been seen and delineated and rehave been seen and demeated and retained perfectly in far less than the briefest possible twinkling of a human eye.—Dr. Aifred Leffingwell, in Popular Science Monthly.

-The popular old ballad of "Billee Taylor" is said to have been written in honor of one Hannah Snell, who lived in the last century. She pursued her lover, not to kill him, but to tig him firmly to her apron string. She married Jin Lums at Wapping. Lums was a Dutch sailor, who squandered her money and then ran off and left her. She donned man's clothing and pursued, enlisting as a marine and doing valiant service in Admiral Boscowen's fleet. Learning that her husband had been executed for murder, she returned to Wapping and long kept a public house there.—Chicago Tribune.

They tell us that woman is not fit for politics. This may be true; and as it is next to impossible to change the nature of a woman, why wouldn't it be a good idea to so change politics that they shall be fit for women?—Boston Transcript.

-An Englishman has demonstrate that a snail can creep three hundred feet between sunrise and sunset.

THAT success inspires envy and dishonest competion is well known. The force of this must have often occurred to the Charles A. Vogeler Co., of Baltimore.

Bast year in Loudon, Eag., an unscrupulous dealer sought to place a so-called "St.

David's" Oil in the market on the strength of the great popularity of the Vogeler Co.'s "St. Jacab's" Oil. Thanks to English law, the high court of justice promptly issued a perpetual injunction against the defendant and imposed heavy dam-ages. Some years ago the U. S. Court at Cleveland, O., in a similar case awarded this Baltimere house \$11,000 damages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. has again been called upon to defend its rights and has recently instituted suit in the Circuit Court of Baltimere city for injunction and damages. No doubt the best evidence of the marvelous efficacy of "St. Jacob's Oil" is to be found in the many unsuccessful attempts to trade upon its reputation

1	Choice Butchers	© 3 40
	Good packers	6 3 70 6 3 40
	FLOUR-Family 4 10	@ 4 25
1	GRAIN-Wheat-Longberry red   No. 2 red   No. 2 red   No. 2 mixed   No. 3   No. 4   No. 5   No. 5	
	Corn—No. 2 mixed	
- 1	Oats-No. 2 mixed	69 69
1	HAV Townster No. 1 12 50	@13 00
1	TOBACCO-tommon large. 8 00	@ 9 90
f	Good Med ums 10 00	@14 75
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-Some of the most popular songs of the day are very ancient. of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteentle century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580, "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come Out to play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tame of which the American Song of "Yankee Doodle' was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" is of the age

of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner

is older than the seventeenth century.-Chicago Herald. -The graveyard insurance compan-ies of Pennsylvania have been succeeded by a new kind of enterprise, in which the policy-holders are divided into the policy-holders are divided into classes of five hundred members each. Whenever a birth occurs in the family of a member the other members in the class are assessed twenty-five cents each. This would give a fund of \$125. \$100 of which goes to the beneficiary and \$25 to the company for collecting, etc.—Philadelphia Press.

-There is more "romance" than oractical good sense in the marriage of any American girl of "scarcely seven-teen," although she wed a millionaire with her parents' consent. It is robbing a girl of her birthright to deprive her of of all chance to know what young lady-hood means.—Boston Herald. -The term dude has grown to be

shocking misnomer in the interior counties of Kentucky. If a young man blacks his shoes in McCracken County, he is called a dude, and if he wears a white shirt, he is a terrible dude. If he should bang his hair they'd kill him.--A black bear made a persistent at-

tempt to enter the house of a Mr. Russell in Cornish, Me., the other night, but was unsuccessful. The occupant had no gun, and were compelled to wait quietly until bruin gave it up and went away.

-No great reformer probably ever lived who was not generally esteemed a bore. Persistency, even in the best of causes, is wearing on the patience.-

"Our remedies are unreliable."—Dr.
Valentine Mott.
"We have multiplied diseases."—Dr.
Ruah, Philadelphia.
"Thousands are and the street of the "We have multiplied diseases."—Dr. Ruah, Philadelphia.
"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."—Dr. Frank.
"The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder."—Sir. Ardey Cooper, M. D.
"The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical nor common sense."—Dr. Evans, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Dr. Dio Lewis, who abhors drugs as a rule and practices hygiene, is frank enough, however, to say over his signature "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use Warner's safe cure because I am satisfied it is not injurious. The medical profession stands helpless in the presence of more than one such malady."

An old proverb says: If a person dies without the services of a doctor, then a coroner must be called in and a jury empaneled to inquire and determine upon the cause of death; but if a doctor attended the case, then no coroner and jury are recorded as a sayrhody. Inners why the reserved.

the case, then no coroner and jury are needed as everybody knows why the per-son died!—Medical Herald.

Can a deep-voiced male singer, who accompanies himself on a piano, be called a bass-bawl player?—N. Y. Graphic.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consump-tion. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c -Oil City Derrick.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 250 Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 250. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

Have a bar in the river and a bar on shore the same name becaus: water is scarce in both places?—Boston Budget. RED STAR

GERMAN REMED **FPAGES** 

**GLUES** SONTA A 1600 Pounds TWO GOLD MEDALS.

If your dealer does not keep it to sample can, FREI mend his card and too, postage for sample can, FREI BUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Hast These Disca the opposite sides of B. H. DOUGLASS & SON Capsicum Cough Drops

for Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats, an Alleviator of Consumption, and of great benefit in most cases of Dyspepsia.

(BEWARE OF INITATIONS.)

They are the result of over forty years' experience in compounding COUGH REMEDIES.

Retail price 15 cents per quarter pound.

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